

SPRING 2020

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# THE MOORISH SCIENCE MONITOR



MAD

SCIENCE

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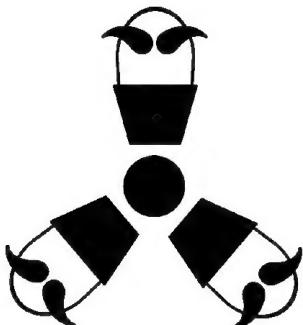
VOL. IX, NO. 3

KHALWAT-I-KHIDR  
EDITIONS



# ROBISH RAD SCIENCE MONITOR

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## NEWS, VIEWS, & REVIEWS

FROM VARIOUS BUREAUX AND CORRESPONDENTS

**ISLAM!** This issue, the Moorish Mad Science Monitor, has been 20 years in the making. Imagine that. It's hard for me to believe it myself. Twenty years ago the Khalwat-i-Khidr Lodge had - with dreamy-eyes and high hopes - decided to produce our own issue after the Moorish League edition of the Monitor came out. That initial effort crashed and burned, and the idea to produce a Mad Science Monitor was cryogenically frozen beneath Dealey Plaza for a future day when conditions were ripe. The truth be told, when the idea was floated to thaw out this theme it left the present editor with some ghosts to process in order to get this lamia tamed. That feat of exorcism and rehabilitation took almost two years to get done, but here it is, warts and all. It certainly seems appropriate that an issue of the Monitor dedicated to Mad Science would be born amidst a global pandemic where everyone is encouraged to plug in even further to the Panoptikonic Spectacle as a means to either make a living or make a life.

So what has transpired since the last issue you might ask? The Summer of 2018 was the year that saw the most recent MOC Synod which by all accounts proved to be a successful event. The Khalwat-i-Khidr hosted the event and it was held in the now lost temple space of Bubastis Oasis, OTO, with ancillary events also occurring at Spanky Hall and the KNON studios. There were a number of presentations made on topics covering the

spiritual aspects of permaculture, the abolition of “whiteness”, Ramon Lull and the Supreme Mathematics, and hospitality as spirituality. There was also a Masque and a special Synod edition of the Moorish Radio Flyer on the Mansion of Madness radio show (see H. Superfly's article in this ish for more details on that show). A general meeting was held where all present discussed what exactly we wanted to see happen in the years to come with the MOC as well as the Moorish League. Br. Muhammad al-Ahari El was elected as the new Sultan for the League, and yours truly took up the role as National Secretary. An ongoing project to create biographical profiles of at least 40 figures of importance to Moorish Science was initiated and is still ongoing.



That year we also celebrated the 30th anniversary of the Astral Antarctic Autonomous Zone project. To celebrate we had a special edition of the Moorish Radio Flyer broadcasting astral travel-inducing sound waves and readings of suggestive works to members far and wide who participated.

2018 also brought the formation of the Beyt al'Uzza Lodge of Qurbaghestan and the Lodge Aura Consurgens of West Yorkshire.

In 2019 the Sabian Order of the Adept Chamber of the Moorish Orthodox Church began online discussions of primary Moorish Science works and worked through the entire Red Book as well as the History and Catechism of the MOC.

Additionally, the Ulamite Madrasa of the Moorish Orthodox Masjid in London under the guidance of our Brother Kamran Kareem Abdul Haqq Sheriff was founded. We also got word of a Hudson Valley hermitage and the Temple of Golgonooza in Ontario that received their charters as well. That year brought the resurrection of the Greenfriars (a monastic order connected to the Order of the Resurrection as well as the Order of the Paraclete of the Adept Chamber of the MOC) under Abbot Wilson and Bishop Aelred.

Next, our Brother, J. Christian Greer, a professor at the University of Amsterdam, has begun a project of cataloging recordings of the old Moorish orthodox Radio Crusade as well as scanning in copies of older editions of the Moorish Science Monitor. His website where these have been made available is <http://morcarchive.squarespace.com/bio>

Finally, our beloved brethren, Ishraq El and Qat El Buraq, of the al-Buraq Lodge in Michigan brought their son, Ali into the world. “May the babe catch life with both hands!”

2020 started off shitty enough when we lost our dear brother and comrade-in-arms, Geoffrey Deacon of Oakland. Looking back at the illness that took him, and having discussed this with other brethren, the thought that he may have passed from complications from COVID-19 seem more and more likely. Br. Deacon was one of the best of us and truly embodied the full-throated joy, bookish erudition, and unwavering support of the oppressed that is the heart of the MOC. Memory eternal to you, O Brother.

Throughout this abominable year the Sabian Order, AC-MOCA, has been holding monthly online discussions on the 101's (Koran Questions for Moorish Americans), and will soon begin working on discussing/studying a new set of primary sourec documents as well as drawing up a curriculum for its current and potential future membership.

Recently the local DFW Lodges have helped support the new, local Curious Salon discussions covering dreams, occultism in the arts, and this month on mycology. Your editor had the honor of presenting the first discussion on dreams, oneirocritica, oneirogens, an the like and had great fun doing so.



Throughout the past two years our Brother Hieronymous Superfly has quarterly shared the airwaves with the MOC for the Moorish Radio Flyer. As always a big heartfelt thanks to him for always being a true mensch!

Currently in the works is a new general purpose membership passport for anyone who would like to sport one. The hope is to get this printed up at some point this year, Inshallah.

I feel like there's plenty I've left out as we all tend to stay pretty busy, but I also don't want to take up too much valuable space with the current issue's intro. So I shall leave it with a benediction:

It is my sincere wish, dear reader, that you are, wherever you are, safe and near to joy.

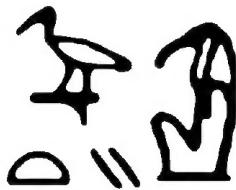
**LOVE, TRUTH, PEACE, FREEDOM, JUSTICE, BEAUTY.**





AP - 2019 marks the first year of the newly formed Pan-African Technology Pact. Instituted shortly after a successful trade negotiation between the kingdoms of Drexciya and Wakanda, the pact has since expanded beyond these two nations to include the countries of Lamumba, Ponukele-Drelchkaff, Macaria, Makalolo, and Pal-Ul-Don. The stated goal of the agreement is to “use advanced technology to improve the lives of the citizenry of all member countries through exchange”, and also to “provide a means to independently and collectively resist the economic, social, and militaristic actions of colonialist powers to usurp the natural resources and adversely affect the environments of member nations.”

The 2020 plenary meeting has been scheduled to meet near the fabled, ruined city of Kor. A source close to the conference has stated on condition of anonymity that discussions are underway to include the newly-formed Autonomous Administration of Zuvendis into the Pact during this meeting.



# MYSTERIES OF THE MIDNIGHT AIRWAVES

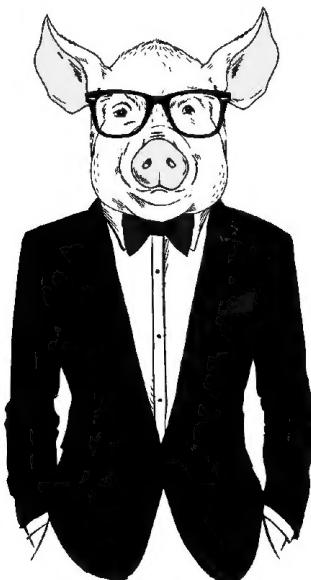
by Hieronymous Superfly

One dark midnight in early 2013, I took the controls of a midnight 4 a.m. Saturday morning radio show on KNON 89.3 FM in North Central Texas. My new show was called Mansion of Madness, named after Juan Lopez Moctezuma's weird film of the same name. I inherited the time slot of Rocket Radio, a popular show hosted by Cyberina Flux, who spun dance/industrial/ electronica for 14 years. No bizarre villain of pulp's Academy of Night ever took more delight than I did at *being in utter control of 55,000 watts of community radio*. "In 14 years, your voice and your mixes will leave our solar system. Vibrations that you broadcast will outlive you, which is encouraging. But ultimately they'll get lost in noises from stars and planets, drowned in a cosmic soup, which isn't. More than likely once the signal leaves Earth no one's really listening." I was told by Nick 4D, cohost of Rocket Radio early one morning. I liked Nick. He was a skilled curator, fucking up the airwaves in innovative, funny ways.

Times were weirdwired. Community radio had suffered worst during President Bill Clinton's infamous Telecommunications Act of 1996 that lifted the national cap on radio station ownership. This ushered in an era of tiresome, commercial, corporate radio that undermined and bought out local radio, silencing local voices and communities. Megacorporations gobbled up most of the radio bandwidth. Their focus groups picked playlists. From those, songs that elicited strong reactions—good or bad—were eliminated. Artificial, lackluster medicationtime radio was everywhere. Rock was dead, rose again, overdosed, died again, and might still jump out of the shadows. Club music became ubiquitous, aboveground and every DJ "just killed it." Fascism was on the rise again. So were authoritarian populism, erosion of critical thinking, psychopathic politics, oligarchy, and intolerance. Community radio still survived in the shadows, cross-pollinating with supportive media, archives, and global reach via web.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. this is Orson Welles and the name of this show is Mansion of Madness. Last week after my radio artistry spooked scores of fart-wits into believing Mars had launched an all-out attack on New Jersey, the suits made me apologize to listeners who panicked during my masterful adaptation of H.G. Wells' War of the Worlds, a classic that should be familiar to anyone over the age of 5. Tonight I'm here to retract that apology, bite the hand that feeds me, and spit poison in the eye of anyone idiotic enough to think that the beachhead of an interplanetary invasion would be Grovers' Mill, New Jersey. I was going to treat listeners to my adaptation of Octave Mirbeau's The Torture Garden, which is a really nasty bit of work, but instead I've decided to wash an entire stuffed, roasted goose down with a bottle of single-malt Martian whiskey.

-Dr. Night-pig & the Time Toilet



I grew up on radio. KLIF and KFJZ doused me in rock & roll and threw a lit match in my face. In the 70s rock was on AM and many kids wore their radios as fashion accessories. Panasonic's R-72 Toot-a-Loop snaked around wrists. Their Pan-a-Pet was a colored sphere with a speaker and wrist-strap. I lived in a wilderness on its way to suburban deforestation. We lived by a creek and my joy was to listen to CBS Radio Mystery Theater under the blazing stars and moonlight. I recorded my first song compilations and field recordings on portable cassette and soon on a weird 8-Track deck that could also record cassettes. It felt like magic when I called a local station and the DJ took my requests. Later in life, I took up culture jamming, crank calling Evangelist Bob Larson on behalf of the Hot Tub Mystery Religion, and ultimately debating him on stage at churches in Ft. Worth and Euless (home of the HTMR). My friends included the legendary prank caller Brother Russell who targeted evangelical radio shows as an elderly woman named Melba. My friend Ryan cut a diode on his scanner so we could record early cell phone calls. Later he went to work at Survival Research Laboratories in San Francisco and the tapes were played at performances. Our mutual friend, Greg Leyh, made the world's largest Tesla Coil (at that time) for SRL. The last I heard, he was working on one that would be powered by 12 million volts, and shoot off 260 foot lightning bolts.

SRL's soundtracks for robotic mayhem whetted my appetite for Exotica & Bachelor Pad Jazz, and I soon found myself spinning it at Forbidden Books, the Dallas town hall for glorious freaks in the 90s. I played there for books, coffee, and muffins. I soon wrote and edited a couple of 'zines, *Macumba* and *The Eulessynian Hot Tub Mystery Religion*. As a result, I met new friends and was soon immersed in the Dallas underground where I DJ'ed secret occult/ absurdist warehouse parties like the annual Halloween Disturbathon, which featured muddy splosh pits, pig head fountains, designated fornication spots, live goats, espresso stations, weird

weird art, secret rooms, pranks, and wild performances. Meanwhile, Thom Metzger of the Moorish Orthodox Church ordered my second 'zine, reprinted one of my articles in the *Moorish Science Monitor*. He wrote "get yourself a Fez and consider yourself Poobah of the Lone Star State...what you're doing is Moorish Science." So I did. This odd event directly led to my meeting my dear friend, Mustafa al-Laylah, who was interested in Moorish Orthodoxy, infusing magick, ritual, video collage, and subversive sounds into area raves via the Hazy Daze Collectif. Our meeting was catalytic and the first Moorish Orthodox Church lodge in Texas emerged and has thrived for more than two decades.



In 1995, I directed my first warehouse party, Blisskrieg with my Disturbathon friends, including future robotics pioneer, David Hanson, who created a 5,000 gallon reservoir accessed via a slide. Ex-Yippie/ FBI fink George DeMerle created a 15 foot long dayglo Yoni that was suspended from the ceiling. I worked with a friend on a Tree of Life sculpture garden. He had access to concrete garden statuary that we painted and placed. With an hour to spare, we were desperately scrambling for something to represent the Cabballistic Sephira for Hod (science), then watched as someone we didn't know wheeled a cart with a projector into that spot, unfurled a screen, and started projecting Air Force flight training films. Future *Mutant Sounds* blogger Matt Castile DJed one room. I took another. There was live percussion

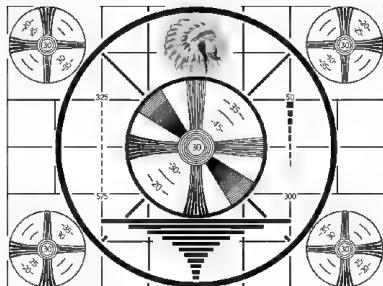
followed experimental sounds. Then a loud pop sounded. The reservoir broke and flooded the warehouse. Oddly, the firemen and a couple of cops who had been observing our efforts for months broke out squeegees, evacuated the warehouse, and had the party up and running again in 90 minutes. Before the party, I had fallen off a ladder and broken the radial head of my elbow. After the party, David stepped in the wrong puddle and was electrified, a white arc shooting out of his elbow, nearly ending him. From those incidents we walked away with matching elbow scars.

By 2013, my head was filled with wild ideas, pranks, incipient radio plays, mad science psychobabble, and lots of music. I just needed a medium.

*This is Hatey Puddin' Bloop-Bop of the Tarnation Militia, and what you're listening to is our new radio show, God Damn You All to Hell, coming at you like a beef-slap on KNON 89.3 FM. If you ain't tuned in before, you must be some sort of blockhead, but I ain't gonna hold it against you 'cause that describes about most folks these days: corn-monkeys teachin' their toddlers to shoot assault rifles, that dentist who snorted meth and paid to wrestle the last red gorilla, somethin' he done in the nude! Don't tell me he didn't deserve to be torn apart like a CPS rag-doll. What a world.*

-My Dinner with Dr. Night-Pig





For seven years, I have meddled with the airwaves and every aspect of my show are under my discretion or whim. I have done my best to break boundaries and to innovate. Being a fan of Orson Welles' 1938 *War of the Worlds* broadcast, I used it for a springboard into writing and directing my own satiric radio plays while fomenting bizarre agit-prop. It turned out that I had more than a dozen friends who were top notch performers, enough to found The Mercury-in-Retrograde Theater of the Air and broadcast a series of live radio plays featuring the horrid Dr. Night-pig. Early on, I ran into a bit trouble with my station and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting for sounding a recording of the Emergency Broadcast System during our second Martian Invasion. Other than that, I have yet to find the limit. Together with guests, I regularly read aloud from anarchist texts, occult theories of radio, words from visionaries, mad science rhetoric, and my weekly opening rant inspired by the late Peter Ivers, erstwhile host of *New Wave Theatre*. Guests have included Tom Riccio, director of the immersive Dead White Zombies theater company; Mack White, underground comic creator of *Villa of the Mysteries* and Texas scholar; Dr. David Hanson, who created the Philip K. Dick android and invited me to write dialogue for it concerning Dick's mystical experiences with the Vast Active Living Intelligence System; Musical Prodigy Aaron Gonzalez, who treated listeners to an esoteric and hair-raising vocal ritual; and Bucks Burnett, who premiered a recording of Tiny Tim reading an absurdist book, *The Boxler Letters*. Additionally, a fake singles show with fucked up testimonials was featured regularly.

*Greetings mere humans. This is Tanzuki the KNON Love Goat. Why stick your Buzz Aldren through a hole in the fence when you can meet a methed-up lot lizard with a heart of gold and soft gums, without the awful splinters or risk of necrotic venereal zombosis-what the Millennials are calling Deep Purple Persuasion or Icky-Ficky-Dropsy. KNON's Dark Meet has all of the hook-ups and none of the hang ups. In the Goddamn Age of Aquarius, now that we have harmony and understanding, even you can meet hot monsters! KNON's Dark Meet is the best way to get Johnson and Snazzle together, if that's how you roll. We don't judge. My thing is shaved midgets in little monkey suits who like to grind the organ. The word love gets bandied about a lot in these post-apocalyptic days. But take it from a real Love-Goat, me, the sound of love is better than its smell. Now stop worrying about the government and listen to some music before I fetch my gun, which I purchased with ease even though I'm utterly insane. May Baphomet bless these United States and our new Martian President Ultimo X. I'm going to trek down to Antarctica to wait out Helter Skelter, suckers.*

During one show, as part of a radio play, a Mystery Ritual was employed to open the first occult lodge on the airwaves, to the best of my knowledge.

*Unbuckle your forebrain, that I might tease the goddamn light out of your Darkness. For I am the Feast Queen of Shellies, and Thou art Ploppins McGurdy! I open the gates of Heaven so you can resume your oul. Tonight you shall know your secret name and come out of your goaty old death cave, Loyal Goats. But first you will suss the electromagnetic current of my Radio Mystery Hole. KNON 89.3 FM.*

I'd urge anyone with interest in community radio to get involved with your local station. Volunteer at events and get to know the station personnel. Help with pledge drives. Get to know the DJs and apprentice with them. Appreciate the variety of cultures and musical styles your area offers. If you're a disc jockey, this is the best way to get a show. Beyond the airwaves, a good community radio station is a bastion of something that has largely been lost: "the voice of the people." As the media sphere explodes, one can hope that an electromagnetic Renaissance will blossom in defiance of corporate mediocrity and domination. Until that happens, I will settle for agitating against our present new Dark Age with tactics of carnival and Saturnalian inversion.

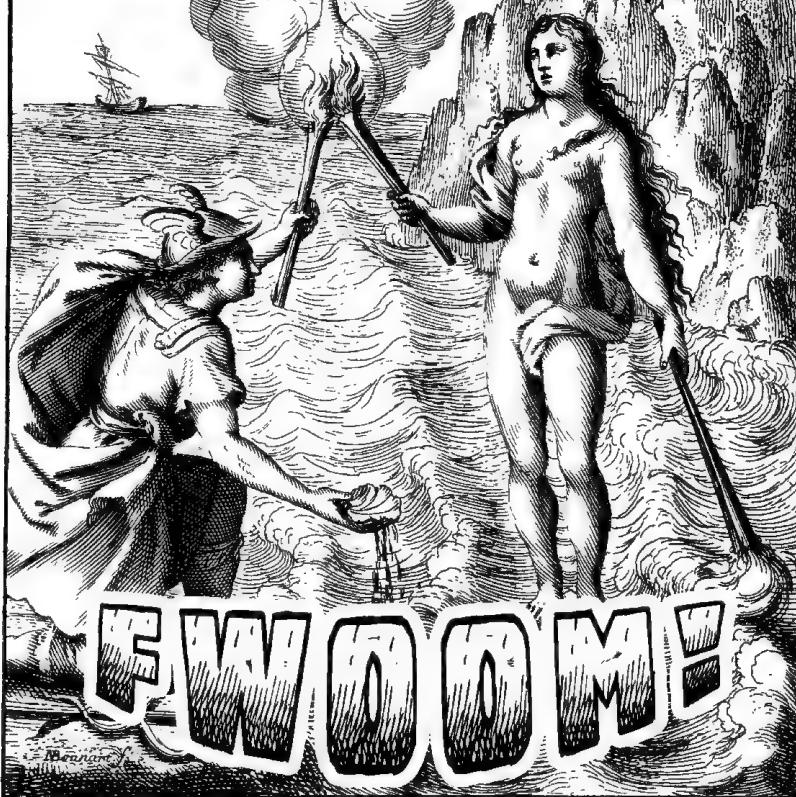
*"Carnival is a pageant without footlights and without a division into performers and spectators. In carnival everyone is an active participant, everyone communes in the carnival act... The laws, prohibitions, and restrictions that determine the structure and order of ordinary, that is non-carnival, life are suspended during carnival: what is suspended first is hierarchical structure and all the forms of terror, reverence, piety, and etiquette connected with it... or any other form of inequality among people."*

-Mikhail Bakhtin

Hieronymous Superfly can be heard weekly, Friday night starting at midnight-4 a.m. at [KNON.org](http://KNON.org) or 89.3 FM in North Texas.



WITH A FLICK  
OF THE WRIST...



# FUCK DAEDELUS

Seriously. Fuck him. Daedelus “cunningly wrought” / “artful work” the archetypal mad scientist. Petty Edison-like tyrant so jealous of competition he murdered his own talented nephew.

The Athenians kicked his ass out of the city where he found his way to Crete where up-and-comer King Minos was more than happy to welcome him into his kingdom. Like some new money oligarch Minos wanted to at least make sure that his kingdom looked as good those snooty Athenians. And with Daedelus on hand he could ensure that was the case. Good king Minos' enchanting and enchanted wife, Pasiphae utilized Daedelus' prodigious talent to create an automaton of a cow that she could hide in to seduce Neptune's blessed bull to fuck her. Daedelus, of course, had no problem constructing this monstrosity – a paycheck's a paycheck, right? A guy's got to eat, right?

We know what happens next – Pasiphae gets pregnant with her monster. Gives birth to it, and the parents lose control over their shame – the Minotaur Asterion. Not to worry, Daedelus to the rescue. The master craftsman creates the perfect prison to house the Cretan heir.

This labyrinth then was used not only to squirrel away bull-boy but also as a means to imprison and execute the 14 innocent Athenian youths every nine years demanded by Minos to satisfy his sense of revenge and feed his son. This bloody situation continues until Theseus kills the taurine prince. Minos, outraged, tosses our mad genius and his son into his own creation.

Next invention – wings for him and his son. This device, like nearly everything Daedelus creates, becomes a vehicle for tragedy. His son plummets to his death and dad makes his way to Sicily.

At least here he seems to have done some good (according to Diodorus).

So to recap:

- Murders Talos out of professional jealousy (also leading to the suicide of Talos' mother who is Daedelus' sister, Perdix)
- Creates a fursuit for Pasiphae's insane fursona
- Creates prison for monstrous offspring of Pasiphae and Neptune's bull
- Indirectly responsible for the murder of at least 14 Athenian youths
- Gets him and his son thrown into said prison
- Indirectly responsible for his own son's death
- Indirectly responsible for the death of King Minos and the probable destabilization of Crete.

What an asshole.  
Fuck Daedelus.



THIS **MAN** IS  
**WANTED**



**PROF<sup>R</sup> WILLINGDON**

**"HE WHO FEARS DEATH WILL NEVER DO ANYTHING  
WORTH OF A MAN WHO IS ALIVE." — SENECA**

## BOOK REVIEW

*Al-Iksir Sagala Portable Illumination for the Moorish American*  
Anael-Bey, Sharif, Ali's Men Publishing, 2016, 978-1540724182

Brother Sharif's *Al-Iksir Sagala* is a powerful demonstration of the esoteric truths expressed through the Divine and National Moorish Movement, as brought to us by the Prophet Noble Drew Ali, the Holy Koran of the Moorish Science Temple of America (colloquially known as the Circle 7 Koran, and hereafter referred to by the acronym, C7K), and the Temple itself. In this volume we see a solid foundation is laid in establishing something of a Moorish concordance with hermeticism and the western esoteric tradition. While showing the character of a number of discrete expositions on the mysteries of Moorish Science, the author's text achieves his stated goals and firmly demonstrates numerous substantial connections to authentic tradition.

Our author begins the book establishing the concepts of a spiritual plane of existence and the means by which Moorish faithful are able to engage with that universe. Methods discussed include Abjad numerology, models of energy dynamics augmented by elaborate anatomical correspondences, astrological correspondences, and more. This material comprises roughly one-third of the text, chapters one through four. The fifth and sixth chapters are the most fascinating material in the book, wherein are discussed a just number of symbolic mysteries contained in the C7K, and a concrete link is beautifully made between the Moorish movement and the perennial tradition.

The seventh chapter discusses similarities between portions of the C7K and Pyramid Texts, establishing a firm connection between true western esoteric mysteries and the scripture of the Moors. The subsequent eighth chapter reveals the importance of 3 in the western initiatic tradition as well as in the MST of A. The ninth and tenth chapters are discrete esoteric expositions on the relationship between chapters 23, 72, and 91 of the C7K, and the Gnosis of Aught, respectively. The latter of the two pieces being helpful to those interested in unpacking the peculiar type of language found in the C7K commends the reader to its repeated consideration.

The final chapter frames the preceding book within our author's unique Moorish gestalt which he terms Unified Field Fitness; this cleaves closely to the opening chapter of the book in which is discussed Exopolitics and the Moorish American Paradigm. Titling this concluding chapter Moorish Koranic Corporeality: Realization of Moorish American Islamism as a Gestalt Mystico-Religious Practice Towards a Transcendental Anthropomorphism, the author encourages his audience (ostensibly the aspiring Moorish neophyte), to become themselves a walking Koran.

The final 20 or so pages include images, slides, and short explanatory texts pertaining to a presentation made by Bro. Anael-Bey called True Islam: The Jewel of Secret Societies which is available for viewing on YouTube. [note: another appearance on YouTube most worthy of mention and directly pertaining to Al-Iksir Sagala is titled Part 2 w Sharif Bey (Master Minds w/ Bro. Shem El)]

In his introduction the author assures that the knowledge conferred by this tome does not qualify the reader as an adept. This may be the case. However, it can be said that the enterprising reader may repeatedly avail themselves of this weighty text with the assurance that its study will guide them toward a ripe fruition.

Ishraq-El,  
al-Buraq Lodge



"MY SON, YOU HAVE BROKEN THE FIRST LAW OF SCIENCE . . .



**JANOS RUKH IS DEAD. BUT PART OF HIM WILL GO  
ON TO ETERNITY. WORKING FOR HUMANITY"**

## A BRIEF INTERLUDE

“Nevertheless,’ I thought, ‘it is certain that these sciences are fraught with human error. The magic alphabet, the mysterious hieroglyph, have come down to us only in incomplete and distorted form, be it through the workings of time or of those who stand to profit from our ignorance; let us rediscover the lost letter or the vanished sign, let us recompose the dissonant scale, and we will gain strength in the world of the spirits.”

- Gérard de Nerval, “Aurélia ou le Rêve et la Vie”

**Coyote:** How many letters there are in the alphabet?

**Boy:** Look...

**Coyote:** There’s 64. This is the real alphabet we’re talking about.

**Coyote:** Seeing and remembering letters from the Invisible alphabet often triggers nausea in agents with multiple cover stories.

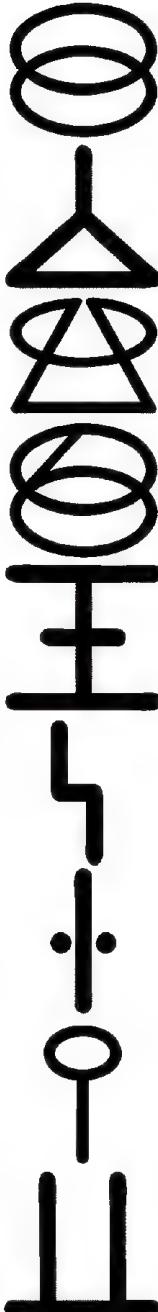
**Coyote:** And which side are you on? We think that seeing the letter tripleyou on the wall was what finally cracked out the shell of your exopersonality.

- Grant Morrison, *The Invisibles*, “American Death Camp”  
Ch. 11, “Counting to None”

**Henchman #1:** This isn’t slowing them down. These people are hardcore... Hit them with some vocabulary.

**Henchman #2:** We have the power to do things to your mind because we have the keys to a wider world which you haven’t been educated to comprehend.

**Henchman #2:** We’ve been taught the full 64 letters of the alphabet.



**Henchman #2:** We have words and concepts for things that you aren't even able to imagine in the rudimentary language of your slave language.

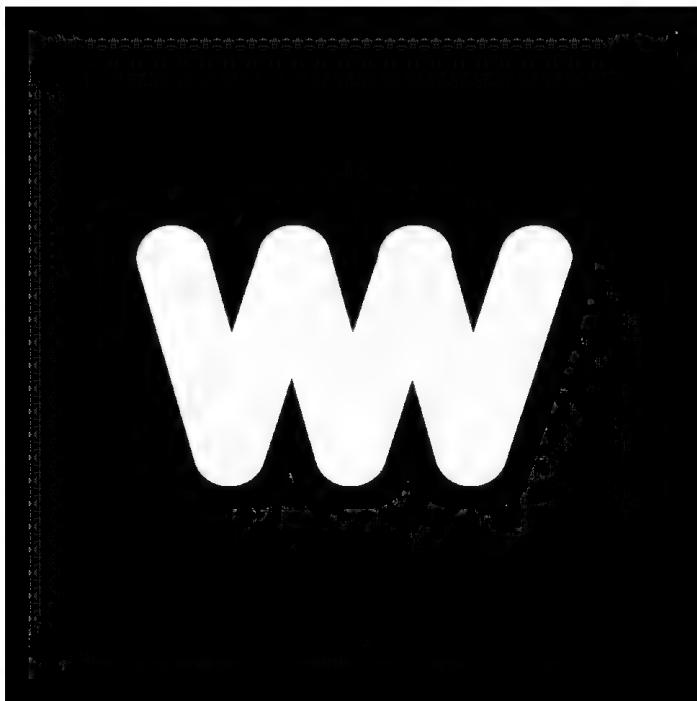
**King Mob:** How do we fight words?

**Henchman #1:** There are things all around. Things you never see because you don't have the words, you don't have the names. You only have the 26-letter alphabet. Here are some names for things.

**Fairy:** The basic irony is that pre-verbal children see us everywhere but we're made of language, which cannot be easily processed by infant minds.

**Fairy:** That's why communication is so difficult between us.

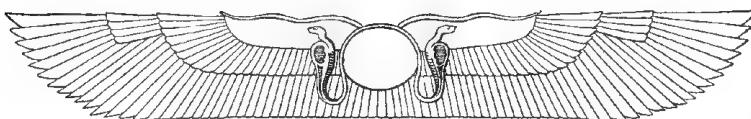
- Grant Morrison, *The Invisibles*, "American Death Camp"  
Ch. 13 , "Anarchy for the Masses"



PROCLAMATION OF  
**LODGE AURORA CONSURGENS**  
OF THE MOORISH ORTHODOX CHURCH  
PROCLAIMED ON THE 20TH JULY 2018 (6731) –  
FEAST DAY OF THE PROPHET NOBLE DREW ALI

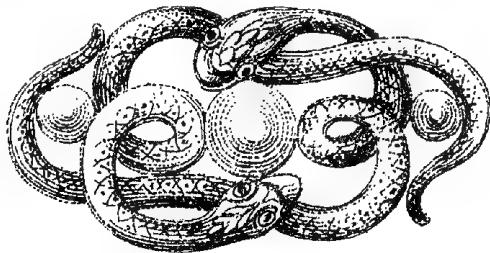
The Brothers and Sisters of the newly proclaimed Lodge Aurora Consurgens interpret the M.O.C.A's injunction to work for 'the uplifting of fallen humanity' as working to raise the fallen spirit from matter, guiding it in it's ascent through the seven metals and the seven Sacred Planets. This involves both inner and outer transformation – as the classical Alchemists knew when they prayed to the Holy Trinity; 'Oh melt me and transmute me in this thy Holy Fire...that my own nature may be redeemed and purified like the elements before me in these glasses and bottles'. In the words of the Emerald Tablet 'the superior agrees with the inferior, and the inferior with the superior'. The 'fallen' spirit should not be understood as 'emprisoned' in evil matter, nor as suffering punishment for Eve's Original Sin. Seeking knowledge is not evil – when Isis gains the secret of the hiera techne from Amnaël, it is a victory for the Feminine principle, mediating between Heaven and Earth, and bringing Alchemy to humanity. As Richard Roberts has written, Spirit is not 'trapped' in the physical world or the human body – it animates them, as an expression of its conscious will. The 'descent' of the soul into the body is the condition for its ascent – just as in Islam, the smallest act of Faith is the condition for its highest expression. In the late 16th Century, Gerhard Dorn wrote that if the body is not to die when the spirit is uplifted, then the body too must be spiritualised – raised to a higher level. Alchemy does not negate matter – it transmutes it.

As the classic Alchemists transformed the physical world as well as the inner world – in ways that modern Chemists are only just learning to replicate – their avant-garde descendants hunted for the material traces of the unconscious; chance happenings, coincidences, and poetic objects discovered in flea-markets and in crumbling Arcades. The mysterious Fulcanelli always refers to Alchemists as artists. Manifesting the Spirit in Matter – realising the *Anima Mundi* or World Soul – may require the Alchemist to pray for Divine Intervention, but it is a uniquely human endeavour. In the words of Eliphas Lévi; ‘the Great Work is something more than a chemical operation; it is a true creation of the human word, initiated into the power of the Divine Logos’. It is a work of co-creation, which holds up a mirror to the Divine.



**AURORA CONSURGENS** means ‘Rising Dawn’. It is the title of a Mediaeval manuscript of dubious provenance attributed to St Thomas Aquinas, who may have delivered this lengthy disquisition on the Song of Solomon, the seven Alchemical operations and the Apocalypse on his deathbed. In the text, the name refers to the dawn of the Resurrection, to the Rubedo (the final phase of the alchemical process) and to the Divine Wisdom – who calls out to Saint Thomas in a vision, urging him to free her from the Underworld. Reminiscent of the Gnostic ‘fallen Sophia’, she is also the Philosopher’s Stone, despised by everyone and ‘trodden upon in the streets’.

However, in a sudden reversal, Thomas attributes to Her these words from the Bible; ‘He in whose embrace my whole body melts away, to whom I will be Father and he will be my Son’ [Hebrews 1:5]. So the fallen Spirit is both the Divine Feminine and God the Father, and Thomas is the only begotten Son of the Divine Androgyn – yet, as the narration confusingly switches places, he is also ‘fallen into matter’; crying out to be freed from the Prima Materia. Freeing the Spirit from the material world is also freeing the Spirit within oneself.



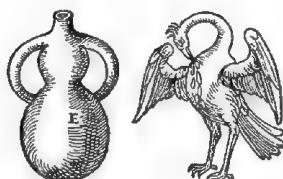
**THE FOUNDING COUNCIL  
OF LODGE AURORA CONSURGENS DECLARES:**

- 1) That we draw inspiration from the Antinomian traditions within Christianity, including the Diggers, Ranters, ‘Naylorite’ Quakers, Adamites and Spiritual Libertines. In the early 16th Century, the remaining partisans of the Anabaptist Thomas Müntzer threw themselves into their last battle with the Church and the German Princes under a rainbow banner which can stand for the Nigredo, Albedo, Citrinitas and Rubedo – the successive stages of the Alchemical work.
- 2) Beyond Thomas’ particular distillation of Alchemy and Christianity, the heira techne draws together the Three Monotheisms with older magical and Hermetic traditions. Alchemical grimoires were

attributed to Solomon and Abraham, and Maria Judeae ('Bain-Marie) rivals Isis for the title of 'Mother of the Great Work'. The Islamic philosopher Ibn Umail famously discusses a statue of Hermes displaying the formula of the Philosopher's Stone, purportedly found in the secret chamber of one of the Pyramids. So the members of Lodge Aurora Consurgens might recognise themselves in all four 'petals' of the M.O.C.A Rose – the Fatimid, Jerusalem, Paraclete and Sabian Orders.

3) As the rising Dawn comes from the East, so, from a European perspective at least, does Alchemy – as it was introduced in the 12th Century from Al Andalus. Therefore, in the most literal way possible, Alchemy is a Moorish Science.

4) Central to the working of the new Lodge, will be meditation and active imagination around the symbols of the Hermetic Science. Worth alluding to here is the Winged Globe akin to the M.O.C.A's own symbol – found in a number of Renaissance manuscripts, sometimes surmounted by the Alchemical androgyn (representing Mercury). The globe represents the Aurum Aurae or Philosophic Gold, and bears the number '34' ( $3+4 = 7$ ), representing the union of Spirit and Matter, and of Heaven and Earth. The Pelican has also been adopted as a Lodge emblem. Beyond the Christian associations, it also represents an Alchemical Vessel used for the process of Circulation – fixing the volatile and volatilising the fixed substance, spiritualising matter and materialising the spirit.

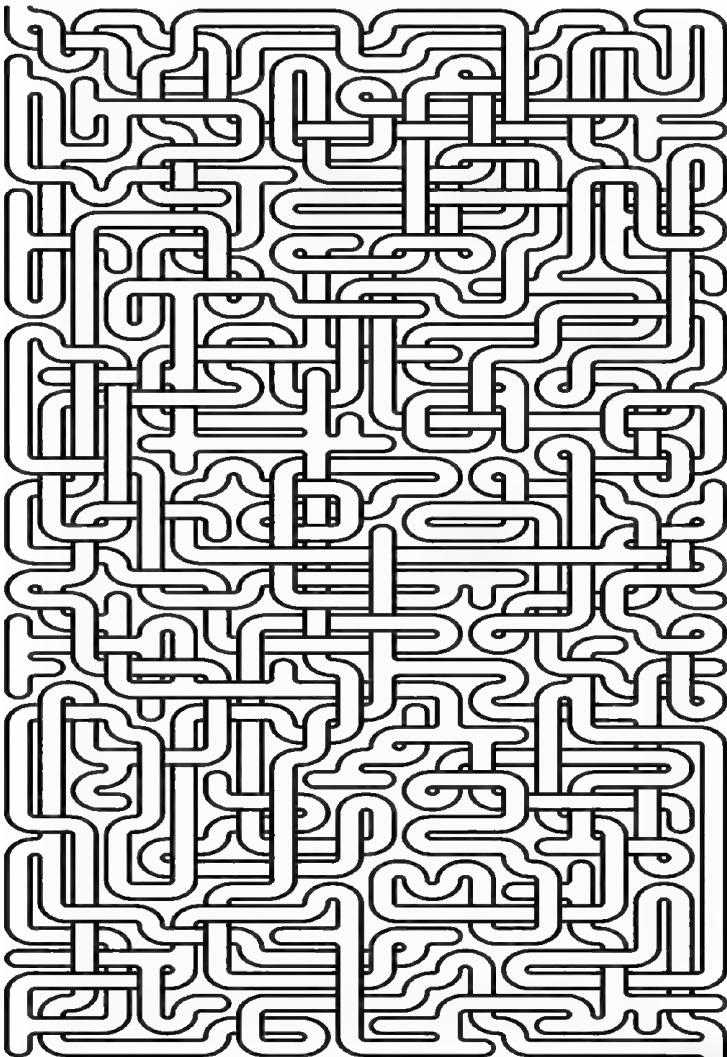




- 5) **Lodge Aurora Consurgens** recognises many Holy Books, including the Qu'ran, Bible, Tanakh, Corpus Hermeticum and Circle Seven Koran.
- 6) The Lodge also recognises the Tarot or Book of Hermes – although it's claimed Egyptian (or even Moroccan) heritage is somewhat dubious, it's Alchemical attributions are unmistakeable. Aside from the Wheel of Fortune, and its depiction of Mercury, Sulphur and Salt, Hermes makes a number of appearances, as Fool, Magician and Angel of Judgement, guiding the souls of the Dead. Eliphas Lévi declares that the Hanged Man resumes the entirety of the Great Work, but declines to say why. We shall not reveal the secret here.
- 7) Finally, the **Lodge Aurora Consurgens**, on the Feast Day of Prophet Noble Drew Ali, proclaims its founding, and respectfully requests amity and recognition from our Brothers and Sisters in the Moorish Orthodox Church of America, to pursue our common goal of uplifting fallen humanity.



**HELP DR. PHIBES FIND  
VENGEANCE FOR THE DEATH OF  
HIS BELOVED VICTORIA!**



## **PRAYER FOR THE COSMOS**

By Br. Geoffrey Deacon

Through the prayers of our Holy God Beloved and God Knowing Father among the Saints Mar Isaac of Nineveh, We pray:

For the Whole of Creation, the Whole Cosmos, all Galaxies, Nebulae, Stars, Planets and Moons, Comets, and Asteroids and any and all living things that may dwell in or on them.

\*\*\**(Lord have mercy)*

For Black Holes, Quasars, Pulsars, Dark Matter and all anomalies of Time and Space and any and all Realms of Being beyond our knowledge, comprehension or imagining.

\*\*\**(Lord have mercy)*

For Our Solar System, our Sun and Planets, Asteroids and Comets.

\*\*\**(Lord have mercy)*

For our Mother Earth and Her Moon.

\*\*\**(Lord have mercy)*

For all living creatures dwelling on the Earth.

\*\*\**(Lord have mercy)*

For all Beasts, Birds, Serpents, Toads and Frogs, Salamanders and all Amphibious Creatures, Fishes, Insects, Spiders, Crabs and other Arthropods, Octopuses, Cuttlefish, Squid and Nautiluses, the Cephalopods and their relations, Shellfish and all Sponges, Coral, Polyps, Sea Cumbers, and Starfish and all their relations, Jellyfish and all Worms, and all Creeping and Bloodless Creatures and all small, hidden and unseen and undiscovered living creatures.

\*\*\**(Lord have mercy)*

For all Plants, Trees, Grasses, Fungi, Ferns, Horsetails, Mosses, Plankton, Molds and Lichens.

\*\*\***(Lord have mercy)**

For all Spirits, Deities, Demi-Gods, Deva, Djinn, Genii Loci, Elementals and any and all immaterial beings of whatever order or dimension.

\*\*\***(Lord have mercy)**

For the salvation of the whole Human Race, living and fallen asleep, and of any other rational creatures made in God's image that may dwell in the vastness of the God's created Cosmos.

\*\*\***(Lord have mercy)**

For the overthrow of the Principalities and Powers of Darkness and Evil, for the salvation, conversion and restoration of the Devil and all his Minions and Demons.

\*\*\***(Lord have mercy)**

For Apocatastasis now! Maranatha! Amen, Amen, Amen.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, both now and ever and unto the



# HUN

HOVERS OVER  
YR BODY WHILE  
YOU SLEEP ???



BUT I'M  
HAPPY,  
SUCKAS...

FIND ZEE WOOD!

I'M ALSO SUPER KIND,  
RATHER BENEVOLENT,  
AND RELATED TO THE  
→ BLOOD ←

DOWN  
HERE  
YOU  
PER-  
VERTS

# CHÉEN



A MONACLE  
ALWAYS MEANS  
MANNERS



AND  
A NICE  
CANDLE  
EQUALS  
A BAD ASS  
RITUAL!

BUT  
PLEASE



WE  
ON  
TIME

SPLEEN  EARTH



CONCIUSNESS

Qi

THOUGHT

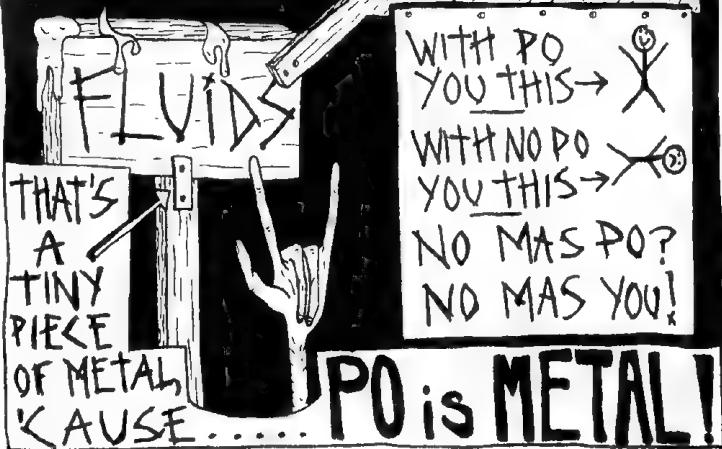
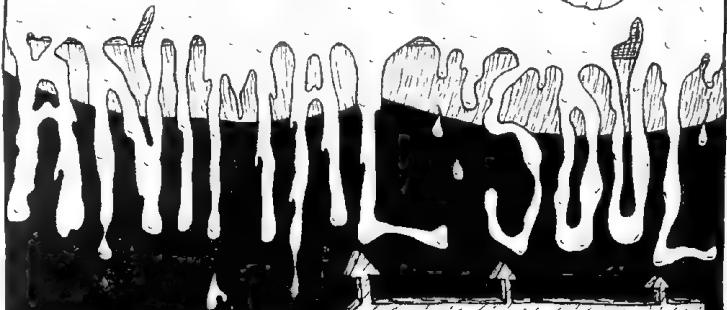
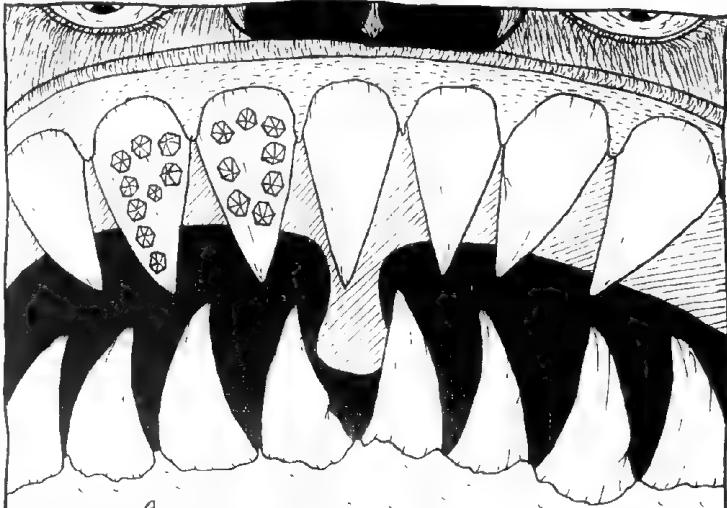


WHAT  
THE HELL  
IS QI???

INTENTION



YOU KNOW,  
IT'S THAT  
THING OR  
SOMETHIN'  
THAT'S UH,  
SORTA...

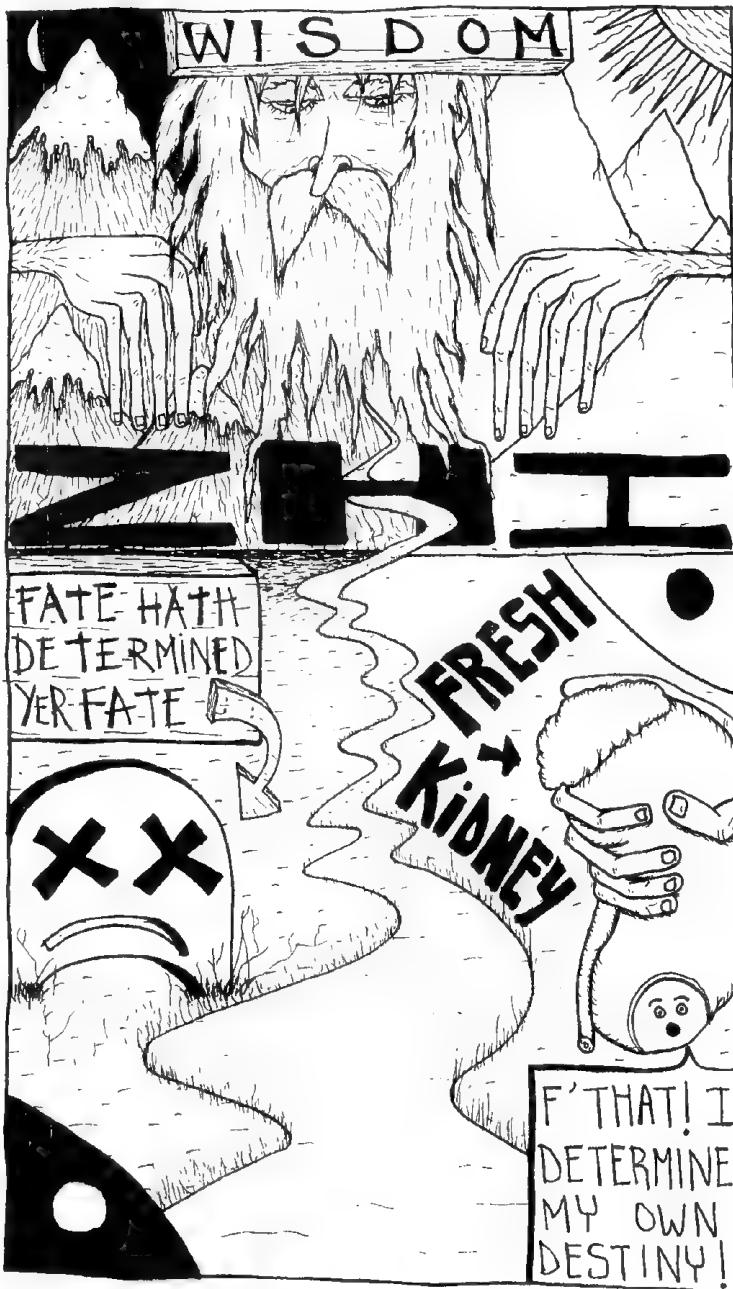


FLUIDS

THAT'S  
A  
TINY  
PIECE  
OF METAL  
'CAUSE....

WITH PO  
YOU THIS →   
WITH NO PO  
YOU THIS →   
NO MAS PO?  
NO MAS YOU!

**PO is METAL!**



# **What is the Mineral World Trying To Tell Us**

by David Tighe El

1.

"How do we know that stones cannot think; that the earth beneath our feet may not once have been endowed with a hideous intelligence? Entire cycles of animate evolution may have occurred on this planet before the most primitive of 'living' cells were evolved from the slime of warm seas... And how do we know that there are not survivals?" - Frank Belknap Long, *The Horror From the Hills*

"...upon this rock..." Matthew 16:18

2.

Aldo Leopold famously wanted us to think like a mountain. And what does a mountain think like? What does Azurite think like? Or Hematite? And why did the Qarmatians steal the Black Stone (al-Hajaru al-Aswad) from the Kaaba? What is the mineral world trying to tell us?

3.

Indonesian physicist P. Hardjanto is quoted by Ioan Couliano describing one of his great breakthroughs as follows: "I was sitting in my office in front of a geode on my desk. I realized with a start that I was no longer at my desk. Slowly I understood that I was outside the universe. I saw the universe as a cosmic egg and its shell was hard, like stone. Above me I could see clouds illuminated by shining light. On the clouds was Amitābha, Buddha of the Pure Land, head almost aflame with nimbus. He was accompanied by two women that I recognized as Guanyin the Bodhisattva of Compassion, and Dashizhi. I was overwhelmed by a sense of calm. From the forehead of Amitābha a beam of pure pink light slowly descended towards me, eventually enveloping my head in light. I experienced searing pain for a moment but the pain was replaced by a the same sense of calm and profound understanding. After an indefinite period I slowly began to lose the calm and to become anxious. It occurred to me that everything that I was seeing was a little unreal seeming. The colors began to subtly change, slowly growing increasingly gaudy. I realized that the whole scene was exactly as depicted in a cheap print that I had seen hanging in a Chinese restaurant. To my dismay the beam of light started to turn a

sickly metallic green, muddy like pond scum. As it reached my head I was overwhelmed by an amphibian smell. I began to feel a suffocating pressure on my chest and had a muddy taste in my mouth. I wretched and snapped back to 'ordinary reality' coughing up slimy mud. I found the geode on my desk cracked open and glowing with the same sickly green light as in my vision. I blinked and it was gone but my brain was aflame. It was burning with green flames and the flames were mathematical equations. All at once I saw a complicated equation and thought, 'is this the gateway to dimensions?' I scrambled to write the equation down as it slowly faded from my mind's eye. The fire in my brain was slowly dying and all that was left was the strong amphibian smell. An aquarium in a lab above my office had broken, its residents, a cohort of frogs, had escaped. The water was saturating the roof and would soon begin to drip onto my desk. How the geode on my desk cracked I don't know. The equation was perhaps the most significant discovery of my career, if it was a discovery or could be characterized as mine. The meaning of the question that appeared in my mind did not become clear for several years."

#### 4.

Richard S. Shaver received channeled revelations from the hollow earth via his welding torch. This "true" information was edited by Ray Palmer and published in Amazing Stories starting in 1945. Shaver's tales of Deros and Teros influencing human minds and kidnapping people from underground tunnels captivated and divided the scifi fan community. They were a huge success for Palmer, although they made him a controversial figure in scifi circles. At their best these stories that make up the Shaver Mystery are wildly entertaining and perhaps hint at strange truths, even if we don't for a minute take them at face value.

One question raised by the Shaver Mystery is why so much channeled material is so bland. So unoriginal and vague. Why are all the members of the Intergalactic Federation of Enlightened Masters so vapid and banal? Why don't the higher intelligences from the Pleiades have anything intelligent to say? Was Shaver's revelation just superior to all the new age pap; were his informants better? Or was Ray Palmer even more brilliant than he gets credit for. What if Palmer had've edited the Urantia book or the Seth Material? Who knows what the voice of extra-terrestrial super beings

might be like if they had a little color – even at the risk of purple prose – instead of being so washed out in white light.

Later Shaver discovered Rock Books; ancient texts inscribed on the insides of rocks. The Rock Books made an appearance in a syndicated cartoons strip: "When star-people visited earth 1000 centuries ago... they used a 3-D 'camera' to imprint photos on solid rock surfaces as a 'stone history book' for us to find today." Gazing intently at the various amazing specimens in the hall of minerals at the Glenbow museum here in Calgary I have often been struck that the strange geometries and beautiful intricacies are both reminiscent of Lovecraft\* and almost certainly how higher dimensional beings would attempt to communicate with us. Our electricity is their gravity! These strange minerals are their even stranger missives to the intuitive genius / crazy person who can read them. Who will be our Athanasius Kircher to these strange hieroglyphs???

Shaver's rock books are reminiscent of Tibetan Buddhist treasure texts. These special texts were often written by saints, sent into the future and hidden inside rocks or living plants. They are sought out by special monks and interpreted in ways that sound, to an outsider, similar to Shaver's methods of interpreting rock books. Or for that matter, the interpretation of Angelic writing in early Christianity or of "tadpole script" in Taoism. There is a superficial similarity between channeled texts in Taoism and Buddhist treasure texts. Both represent ongoing revelation; a way to introduce new sacred material into their respective religious traditions.

- David Tighe El

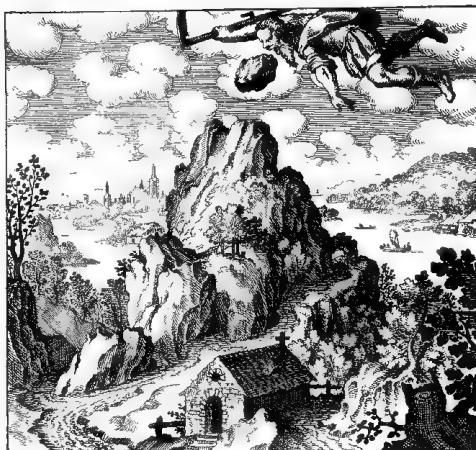
\* "The effect was that of a Cycloian city of no architecture known to man or to human imagination, with vast aggregations of night-black masonry embodying monstrous perversions of geometrical laws. There were truncated cones, sometimes terraced or fluted, surmounted by tall cylindrical shafts here and there bulbously enlarged and often capped with tiers of thinnish scalloped disks; and strange beetling, table-like constructions suggesting piles of multitudinous rectangular slabs or circular plates or five-pointed stars with each one overlapping the one underneath. There were composite cones and pyramids either alone or surmounting cylinders or cubes or flatter truncated cones and pyramids,

and occasional needle-like spires in curious clusters of five. All of these febrile structures seemed knit together by tubular bridges crossing from one to the other at various dizzy heights, and the implied scale of the whole was terrifying and oppressive in its sheer gigantism."

- H. P. Lovecraft - *At The Mountains of Madness*

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## Jesus/Satan/Orgone Energy:

Wouldn't you?

### The Emotional Plague:

They've activated the soul circuits. All the Orgone energy is being drained from the body. Now we have a new disease. The Orgone Energy Plague. What was once vital is now entropy. What was once chaos is now static. The red divide. Once everything was full of life and potentiality. But now it feels gray. **Character armor grows in tumorous layers upon human flesh. This results in us becoming like robots, transforming once feral animals into robotized agents. Red fascists dominate the world, spreading the plague of Orgone or occult technology of power. They are**

### Orgone Gun:

I contain all the Powers of Jehovah, Satan, Jesus and Lucifer. I have arms, and am a god of demons. My being is expansive and beyond all borders and descriptions. I am creation and destruction, united in judgment. Our uniqueness of selves expands in waves of infinite chaos. We shall shatter man's forged manacles and charge forward into the void. The liminal zone between heaven and hell are expanding overlap of vast diagram. I am the serpent activating every chakra point, even the mind, the heart, the brain, the body, everything is beyond real. I pull it all together.

Impersonal Plan For  
PO Box 13893  
Albany, NY 12201

## A Great Biblical Mystery Solved

# THE APOCALYPSE UNSEALED

By JAMES M. PRYSE

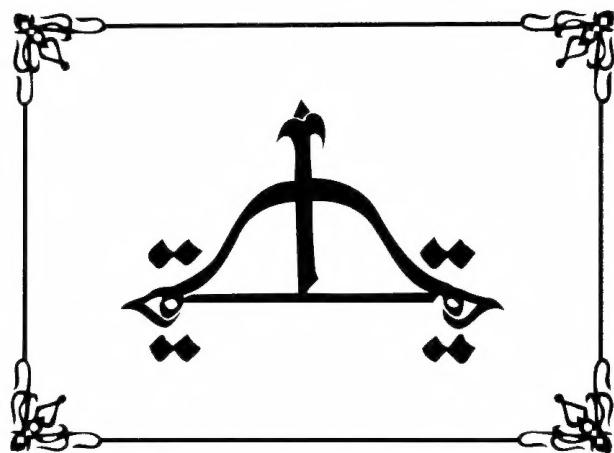
A startling and sensational disclosure of the secret meanings of St. John's "Book of Revelation."

Complete solutions of the "number of the Beast," 666, the cubical city, "New Jerusalem," and other "riddles of *Revelation*." The following (full explanation of which is given in the book) shows the nature of the extraordinary puzzles Mr. Pryse has discovered in the *Apocalypse*:



THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST
The white hair of hoary <i>Kronos</i> (Saturn)	<i>Ho Nikōn</i> . . . 1,000 (The Conqueror)
The blazing eyes of wide-seeing <i>Zeus</i> (Jupiter)	<i>Epistēmōn</i> . . . 999 (Intuitive)
The keen sword of <i>Arēs</i> (Mars)	<i>Iēsous</i> . . . 888 (Higher Mind)
The shining face of <i>Hēlios</i> (The Sun)	<i>Stauros</i> . . . 777 (The Cross)
The chitōn and girdle of <i>Aphroditē</i> (Venus)	<i>Hē Phrēn</i> . . . 666 (Lower Mind)
The swift feet of <i>Hermēs</i> (Mercury)	<i>Epithumia</i> . . . 555 (Desire)
The wave-murmuring voice of <i>Selēnē</i> (The Moon)	<i>Speirēma</i> . . . 444 (Serpent-coil)
	<i>Akrasia</i> . . . 333 (Sensuality)

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.—"An [apparition] like the son of man, wearing [a vesture] reaching to the feet and girded at the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hair were white as white wool,

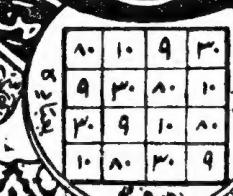


# لشان حیدر

عک

٨٠	١٠	٩	٢
٩	٣	٨٠	١٠
٣٠	٩	١٠	٨٠
١٠	٨٠	٣٠	٩

الله محمد علیه السلام



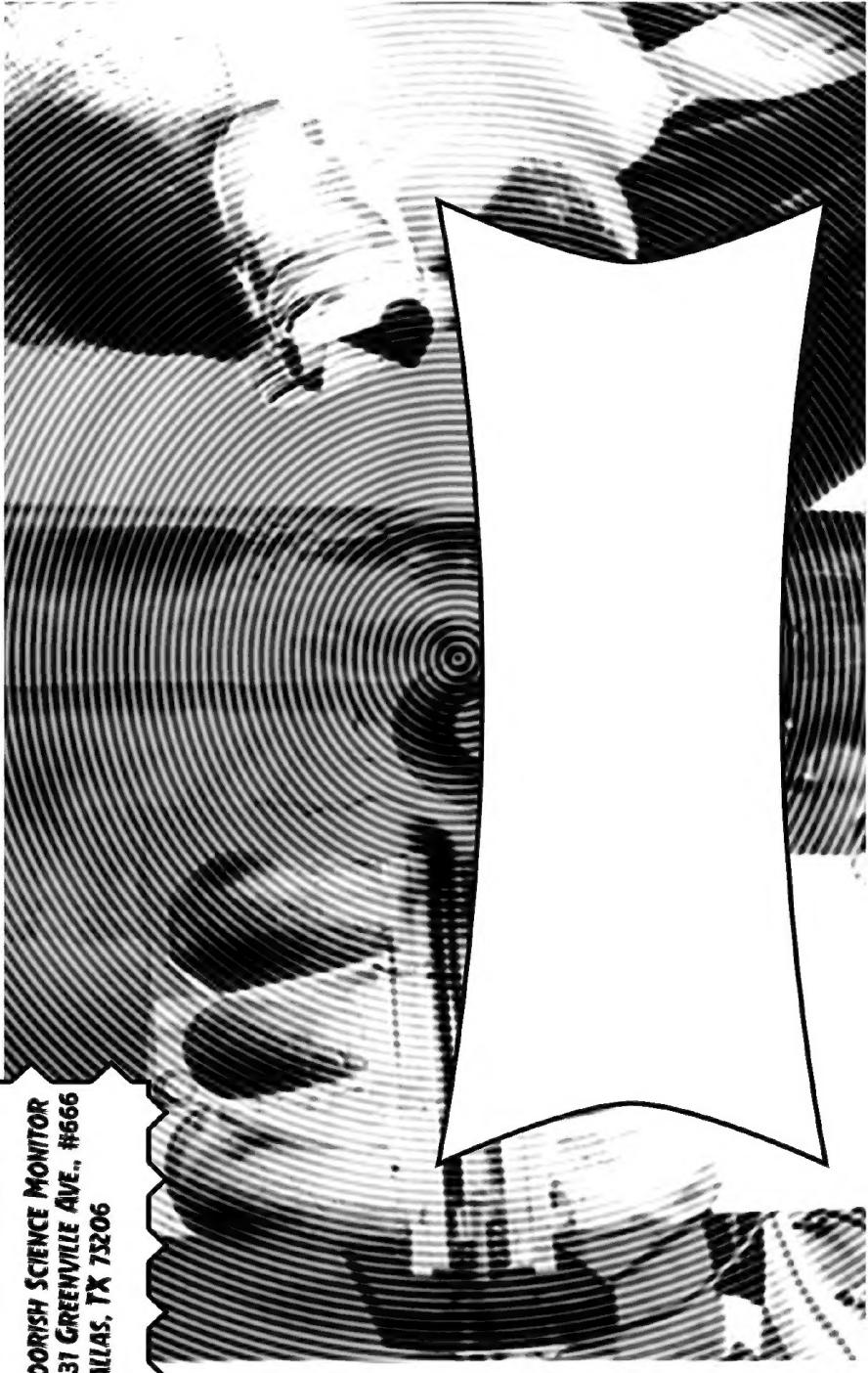
NEXT ISSUE.

# LABYRINTH



**“THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN, IF ONE REJECTS THE SIMPLE AND OBVIOUS PROMPTINGS OF DUTY, ONE FINDS ONESELF IN A LABYRINTH OF COMPLEXITIES OF SOME QUITE NEW KIND.”**

**- IRIS MURDOCH**



MOORISH SCIENCE MONITOR  
5931 GREENVILLE AVE., #666  
DALLAS, TX 75206